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A LIBERAL AMOUNT OF THE PURCHASE MONEY CAN LAY ON MORTGAGE IF DESIRED. GOODS CHEAPER THAN EVER UNTIL

STORE IS SOLD. E. O. RANDALL.

### SUPPOSE. The Money Lender.

Suppose, my little lady,

Your doll should break its head

Could you make it whole by crying

And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,

And not your head, that broke?

Because you scold and frown

And to make sunshine in the house

When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,

For you to smile than pout,

Suppose you're dressed for walking,

And the rain comes pouring down.

And wouldn't it be pleasanter

To treat it as a joke;

Will it clear off any sooner

And wouldn't it be nicer

Is very hard to get,

Will it make it any easier

And wouldn't it be wiser

To go to work in earnest

For you to sit and fret?

Than waiting like a dunce,

And learn the thing at once?

And some a coach and pair,

To say "It isn't fair ?"

And would it not be nobler

To keep your temper sweet.

And in your heart be thankful

You can walk upon your feet?

Nor the way some people do,

Will be altered just for you?"

Whatever comes, or doesn't come,

VERNAL FAITH.

And is not it, my boy or girl,

The wisest, bravest plan.

To do the best you can?

When heaven was stormy, earth was cold,

And sunlight shunned the wold and wave.

Thought burrowed in the church-yard mould,

And fed on dreams that haunt the grave.

And earth's full heart with rapture swells.

Thought soars through fields of endless life

What sparkling leaf, what Hebe morn,

But flouts the sullen gray-beard Death,

Pale scientist, scant of healthful blood.

Pluck freshness from a spring-time bud,

Find wisdom in the opening rose.

And drew therefrom a honeyed lore

Mark the white lify, whose sweet core

Pure as the tender creed of Christ!

Its tiny ear past bower and lawn.

A lovelier faith than yours unfolds,

Hath many a wild-bee awarm enticed,

Yea, even the weed, which upward holds

Caught from the far faint winds of dawn,

-Paul H. Hayne in Harper's Magazine

ended church recently where there is a

omewhat prolonged service before they

come to the sermon. "How were you

pleased with the services?" asked a friend.

Oh, very much, though it did strike me

A little boy who was to pass the after-

noon with a neighbor's little daughter was

given two pieces of candy. When he re-

turned his mother inquired if he gave the

larger piece to the little girl. "No, moth-

er. I didn't. You told me always to give

the biggest piece to company, and I was

exclaimed: "How appropriate!" "Was

guess not. He would shoot in a minute.

but he always over-fed himself on spring

lamb and green peas. That's what killed

It is mighty embarrassing to a man who

has some religious friends staving with

in the corner and turn to his master and

wag his tail, and then run back to the

gun again. Beekman will keep his dog

A witty old American judge, who had

spent an evening with a young lawyer in

the country whose office was on the sec-

ond floor, on his departure stumbled on

young lawyer hearing the noise rushed

out and, seeing the judge lying on his

back at the bottom of the stairs, hastened

down and with great anxiety asked: "Is

your honor hurt?" "No," said the judge,

scrambling to his feet, "but my legs are."

"Mr. O'Rafferty," said the Galveston

Recorder, "the witnesses all say you

kicked the gentleman and called him all

manner of vile names." "I don't know

what happened, your honor. If I did that

I am very sorry indade," "Yes, you

ought to regret it very much." "I do,

indade. It is wid me own families that I

take such liberties, and if I have been

treatin' such an ill-favored scoundrel as

if he was a member of me own family I'll

regret it to the last day of me life, I will."

A young man had his girl out riding in

no-top buggy the other afternoon. In

one pocket he carried a bottle of spirits

another he had a bottle of cologne, just

purchased. As they were riding along

he asked her to take a smell of his new

perfumery, but unfortunately placed the

wrong bottle to her nose. She took a

wholesale sniff, and remarked: "Gugug-

ugug-huh-huh!" and went over out of

the carriage backwards, and for an instant

the air in the rear of the buggy was filled

with striped stockings, high-heeled shoes,

arms, a choking girl, and so forth. She

escaped serious injury, but she hasn't

spoken to the young man since. Some

Itching Piles-Symptoms and Cure.

spiration, intense itching, increased by

scratching, very distressing, particularly

at night, as if pin worms were crawling

in and about the rectum; the private parts

tinue very serious results may follow.

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are sometimes affected; if allowed to con-

The symptoms are moisture, like per-

girls get angry at the least little thing.

of ammonia for the headache, and

company over there."

him, I reckon."

that there was a good deal of scoring be-

What flower that drinks the south wind's breath,

But now that heaven is freed from strife.

Above the shining asphodels.

Suppose the world don't please you,

Do you think the whole arrangemen

Will it tire you less while walking

Suppose that some boys have a horse,

Till your eyes and nose were red?

Mr. Edgar was a money lender and scrupled not in exacting the highest "street rates" of interest that could be obtained. If good paper were offered seeker of cash at two or even three per cent. a month, he did not hesitate about the transaction on any scruples of justice between man and man. Below one per cent. a month he rarely made loans. as to whether the holder of the bills could afford the sacrifice. The circle of his thoughts went not beyond gain to

Few days closed with Mr . Edgar that he was not able to count up his gains as high as from thirty to one hundred dollars-not acquired in trade, not coming back to him as the reward of productive industry, but the simple accumulation of large clippings from the anticipated reward of others' industry. Always with a good balance in the bank he had but to sign his name to a check and that very slight effort was repaid by a gain of from ten to fifty dollars according to the size and time of the note he had agreed to discount. A shrewd man, and well acquainted with the business stand around him, Mr. Edgar rarely made mistakes in money

transactions. Was Mr. Edgar a happy man? Ah, that is a home question. But we answer frankly, no. During his office hours, while his love of gain was active | did it seem, pleaded for a generous reeffected, his mind was in a pleasurable was a new one for the money lender. glow. But at other times he suffered In no instance before had he experiencgreatly from a pressure on his feelings, ed any hesitation on the score of a large the cause of which he did not clearly discount. Love of gain continued clamunderstand. Wealth he had always re- orous for two per cent. on the note; yet garded as the greatest good in life, and now he had not only had wealth but the income therefrom was a great deal more than he had any desire to spend. And yet he was not happy; no, not even in the thought of his large possessions. Only in the mental activity through which more was obtained did he really find satisfaction; but this still was of

ten experienced. Occasional losses, careful and shrewd as he always was, were inevitable. These fretted him greatly. To lose a thousand dollars instead of gaining, as was pleasantly be lieved, some sixty or seventy, was a shower of cold water upon his ardent love of accumulation, and he shivered painfully under the infliction. The opnotunities of friends who needed money, and to whom it was unsafe to lend it, were also a source of no small annoyance. And, moreover, there was little of the heart's warm sunshine at home. As Mr. Edgar had thought more of laying up wealth for his children than the true riches of intellect and heart, ill weeds had sprung up in their minds. He had not loved them with an unselfish love, and he received not a higher affection than he had bestowed. Their him to have his dog, which has been very quiet during the week days, begin right prominent thought in regard to him after breakfast Sunday to run to the gun seemed ever to be the obtaining of some concession to their real or imaginary wants; and if denied these they reacted upon him in anger, sullenness or

Oh, no, Mr. Edgar was not happy. Few gleams of sunshine lay across his path. Life, to him, in his own bitter words, uttered after some keen disappointment, had "proved a failure." And vet he continued eager for gain; would cut as deep, exact as much, from those who had need of his money in their business as ever. The measure of percentage was the measure of his satis-

One day a gentleman said to him : "Mr. Edgar, I advised a young mechanic, who had been in business for a face, short time, and who has to take notes for his work, to call on you for the purpose of getting them cashed. He has no credit in bank, and is therefore compelled to go upon the street for money. Most of his work is taken by one of the safest houses in the city; his paper is, therefore, as good as any in the market. Deal as moderately with him as you can. He knows little about these matters, or where to go for the accommodation he

"Is he an industrious and prudent young man?" inquired Mr. Edgar, caution and cupidity at once excited.

"He is." "What's his name?"

"Blakewell."

"Oh, I know him. Very well; send him along, and if his paper is good, I'll

"You will find it first rate," said the

"How much shall I charge him?" That was Mr. Edgar's first thought | ried away. as soon as he was alone. Even as he asked himself the question, the young mechanic entered.

"You take good paper sometimes?" said the latter in a hesitating manner. The countenance of Mr. Edgar became

assumed indifference. "I have a note of Deyden & Co.'s to receive."

that I wish discounted," said Blakewell. "For how much ?"

"Three hundred dollars; six months;" and he handed Mr. Edgar the note.

"I don't like over four months' notes," remarked the money lender coldand he could buy it from the needy | ly. Then he asked, "What rate of interest do you expect to pay ?"

"Whatever is usual. Of course l wish to get it done as low as possible. My profits are not large, and every dollar I pay in discounts is so much taken He had nothing to do with the question from the growth of my business and the comfort of my family."

"You have a family?"

"Yes sir. - A wife and four children." Mr. Edgar mused for a moment or two. An unselfish thought was struggliug to get into his mind.

paper?" he asked. "The last I had discounted cost me

one and a half per cent. a month." "Notes of this kind are rarely marketable below that rate," said Mr. Edgar. He had thought of exacting two per cent. "If you will leave the note and call round in half an hour, I will see what can be done."

"Very well," returned the mechanic. "Be as moderate with me as you can."

For the half hour that went by during the young man's absence, Mr. Edgar walked the floor of his counting-room trying to come to some decision in regard to the note. Love of gain demanded two per cent. a month, while a feeble voice, scarcely heard, so far away fore. -while good customers were coming gard to the young man's necessities. and going, and good operations being | The conflict taking place in his mind ever and anon, the low voice stole in pleading accents to his ears.

> "I'll do it for one and a half," said Mr. Edgar, yielding slightly to the claim of humanity, urged by the voice that seemed to be coming nearer.

Love of gain, after slight opposition, was satisfied. But the low penetrating glass. The oldest of the children, voice asked for something better still. "Weakness! Folly!" exclaimed Mr. Positive unhappiness Mr. Edgar of- Edgar. "I'd better make him a present of the money at once."

"One per cent.! He couldn't get it

done so low as that in the city." "He is a poor young man, and has a wife and four little children," said the voice. "Even the abstraction of legal interest from his hard earnings is defect enough; to lose twice that sum will make a heavy draught on his profits, which, under the present competition in trade, are not large. He is honest and industrious, and by his useful labor, is aiding the social well-being. Is it right for you to get his reward ?- to take his profits, and add them to your already

rich accumulations ?" Mr. Edgar did not take these home questions, and tried to stop his ears so that the voice could not find an en-

trance. But he tried in vain. "Bank rates on this note." continued the inward voice, "would not much exceed nine dollars. Even this is a large sum for a poor man to lose. Double the rate of interest, and the loss becomes an injury to his business, or the cause of seriously abridging the home comforts. And how much will nine dollars contribute to your happiness? Not as much as a jot or a tittle.

are unable now to spend your income." The young mechanic entered at this favorable moment. The money lender pointed to a chair; then turned to his desk, and filled up, hurriedly, a check. Blakewell glanced at the amount thereof as it was handed to him, and an in- away. stant flush of surprise came into his

"Haven't vou make a mistake, Mr. Edgar?" said he.

"In what respect?" "The note was for three hundred dol dollars, forty-three cents."

said Mr. Edgar, with a feeling of pleasure at his heart so new that it sent glow along every nerve and fibre of his

this," replied the young man, visibly heart leaped with a new delight.

cheerfully. Eighteen dollars saved! How much good that will do me! could not have saved it-or. I might morning, "and yet how much say, have received it-more opportunely. This is a kindness for which I shall ever remember you gratefully.

Crasping the money lender's hand he shook it warmly, then turned and hur-

Only one previous transaction had that day been made by Mr. Edgar. In that transaction his gain was fifty dollars, and much pleasure had it given him. But the delight experienced was not to be compared with what he now felt. It was to him a new experience "Sometimes I do." he answered with in life-a realization of this beautiful truth, 'It is more blessed to give than

Once or twice, during the day, as Mr. Edgar dwelt on the little circumstances, his natural love of gain caused regret for the loss of money involved in the transaction to enter his mind. How cold, moody and uncomfortable he instantly became! Self-love was seeking to rob the money lender of the just reward of a good deed. But the voice which had prompted the generous act

was heard clear and sweet, and again

his heart beat to a gladder measure.

Evening was closing in on the day following. It was the last day in the year, and winter had commenced in real earnest. Snow had fallen for some hours. Now, however, the sky was clear, but the air keen and frosty. The day to Mr. Edgar was one in which "What have you usually paid on this more than the usual number of "good transactions" had been made. On one perfectly safe note he had been able to charge as high as three per cent. per month. Full of pleasurable excitement had his mind been while thus gathering in gain, but now, the excitement being over, he was oppressed. From whence the pressure came, he did not know. A cloud usually fell upon his spirits with the closing day; and there was not sunshine enough at home to chase it from

> As Mr. Edgar walked along with his eyes upon the pavement, his name was called. Looking up, he saw, standing at the open door of a small house, the mechanic he had befriended the day be-

"Step in here just one moment," said

The request was made in a way that left Mr. Edgar no alternative but com- tle among them. Bloody battles were pliance. So he entered the humble dwelling. He found himself in a small unlighted room, adjoining one in which a lamp was burning, and in which was a young woman, plainly but neatly dressed, and four children; the youngest lying in a cradle. The woman held in her hand a warm Bay State shawl, which, after a pleased expression of countenance, she threw over her shoulders and glanced at herself in a looking boy, was trying on a new overcoat; and his sister, two years younger, had a white muff and a warm woolen shawl. in which her attention was complete ab-It availed nothing. The voice could sorbed. A smaller child had a new cap

and she was the most pleased of any. "Oh, isn't father good to buy us all these . and we wanted them so much," said the oldest of the children. "Yesterday morning when I told him how cold I was going to school, he said he was sorry, but that I must try to do without a coat this winter, for he hadn't money enough to get us all we wanted.

destitute of every comfort of civilized How did he get more money, mother." life, they bore their calamities with he-"To a kind gentleman, who helped roic fortitude, and considered themselves your father, we are indebted for these happy in their independence. But needed New Year surprises," replied the alas! just as they considered the Prom-

"He must be a good man," said the boy. "What's his name?"

"His name is Mr. Edgar." "I will ask God to bless him to-night when I say my prayers," innocently spoke out the youngest of the three

"What does this mean?" asked the money lender, as he hastily retired from

the room he had entered. after their lost leader, Pieter Rietef, and "If you had charged me one per cent. on my note, this scene would not have tended and defined their dominion un occurred," said the mechanic. der the title of "Republic of Natalia." the sum you so generously saved me I was able to buy these comforts. My heart blessed you for the deed, and if the good wishes of my happy family can throw sunshine across your path it will be full of brightness."

Too much affected to reply, Mr. Edgar returned the warm pressure of the hand which had grasped his and glided

A gleam of sunshine had indeed fallen along the pathway of the money their ablest man, was sent to Cape Collender. Home had a brighter look as he passed his own threshold. He felt kinder and more cheerful, and kindness | nied a personal interview. Having sent and cheerfulness flowed back to him lars, six months, and you have given from all the inmates of his dwelling. me a check for two hundred and ninety He half wondered at the changed aspect | clared was interpreted by the great maworn by everything. His dreams that jority of those who had experienced it classes at the White House now. The "I've charged you bank interest," night were not of losses, fires and the in Cape Colony to be alienation, op- Cincinnati Commercial says: wreck of dearly cherished hopes, but of the humble home made glad by his gen- the dust from his feet against the Engerous kindness; again the happy moth- lish once more, and prepared with his er, the pleased children and the grate-"Bank interest! I did not expect ful father were before him, and his own

claims of English authority. Into the bleak wilds of the Vaal and Orange "It was a small act, a very light sac-"One per cent. I would have paid you rifice on my part" said Mr. Edgar to Rivers they plunged, exposing themselves to "a state of misery," which, Sir himself, as he walked, in a musing Harry Smith says, "he never saw equalmood, towards his office on the ed except in Masena's invasion of Portuhappiness has it been the occasion! gal, when the whole of the population of the seat of war abandoned their much that a portion thereof has flowed back upon my own heart." homes. The scene was truly heart-

"A good act is twice blessed." It seemed as if the words were spok- ed them declaring the land between the

en aloud, so distinctly and so suddenly Orange and Vaal Rivers to be British were they presented to the mind of Mr. territory. This was too much. The Ah! if he will only heed the sug- they believed to be tyranny, outraging

human nature, and unjustly trampling gestion, made by some pure spirit, out the instinct to be free. brought near to him by the stirring of good affections in his mind! In it lies better arms won in a pitched battle, and the secret of true happiness. Let him the wretched Boers fled north over the but act therefrom and the sunshine will never be absent from his pathway .- Vaal River. After untold suffering the American Cultivator.

ENGLAND AND THE BOERS. Transvaal region as free and independ-

ent by Commissioners appointed by the The love of power has been the curse of mankind; and England, influenced by this motive, has a heavy burden of sins to account for at the bar of history. Her treatment of the Boers-the Dutch settlers in South Africa-is an instance, according to her own officers, of singular injustice, cruelty and tyranny. Lieut.-Col. Butler, of the English army, gives in the current Contemporary a clear narrative of the causes of this war against the Boers, which are condensed for the benefit of our readers, begging them to remember that if England is shown to be wicked, her wickedness is exposed not by American prejudice, but by an Englishman who was in a posi-

resisted the purpose of the Boers to set-

fought with the Zulu savages, with al

ternating victories. It seemed often as

if the Dutch would be swept utterly

away. At one time their heroic leader,

Pieter Rietef, and seventy of his com-

panions, were invited by the Zulu king

to a peaceful conference, where they

were to be put in formal possession of

the territory they had conquered. But

the artful Zulu had only allured them

to a massacre. The too confiding Dutch

were treachously slain. But the re-

mainder of the company, and especially

the women, never faltered. Living in

wagons, journeying from point to point,

fighting and negotiating, they at last

acquired a country of magnificent rich-

ness and beauty. From the Drakens-

berg they could gaze down far-reaching

and fertile slopes looking toward the

east, and whose shores were bathed by

the waters of the Indian Ocean. Then

they built huts where Durban now

stands; and though they were worn by

hardships and disease, and miserably

ised Land gained and their troubles

over, what was their amazement and in

dignation to find themselves pursued by

a column of one hundred English troops

hurrying in hot haste under the osten-

sible plea of affording the Boers protec-

tion! However, this column was short-

ly withdrawn, and the Boers, dreaming

themselves forever free from further in-

terference, laid out their seat of Govern-

ment, and named it "Peter Maritzburg'

his companion, Gert Maritz. They ex-

Here they began to thrive, showing

themselves to be "a homely, sober, vir

tuous, quiet, dull race of beings, as full

of faith in God, and of fair dealing be-

tween man and man, as this world holds

a human sample of." But after enjoy-

ing about three years of peace and pros-

perity, they were suddenly attacked by

British troops, and Post Natal was seiz-

in the Queen's name. Mr. Pretorius,

ony to remonstrate with the English

Lord High Commissioner. He was de-

ty's gracious pretection, which he de-

pression and extermination," he shook

long suffering people to try the fortune

of a new wilderness beyond all possible

rending." But a proclamation follow-

Boers rose in rebellion against what

The British by superior numbers and

in wealth and power. It numbered 40,000 souls and produced considerable quantities of gold, copper, coal and iron. Adventurers poured in, and by their aid suddenly the Republic was annexed to the English crown! The real reason for this outrage against the law tion fitting him to judge. of nations is alleged by good judges to In 1836, a large number of Dutch have been the prospect of a loss of trade families, regarding themselves as unby Cape Colony and Natal with the justly and harshly treated by the Eng-Boers. The Boers proposed to build lish Government of Cape Colony, derailway from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay termined to seek freedom and independand this, if accomplished, would have ence. Sacrificing their lands, and conruined trade with the British Colony verting their property into oxen, sheep, hence English interference and annexahorses and wagons, they crossed the tion in 1877. The ostensible reason Orange River and pushed north-east was the thin plea of protection against into the wilderness. The English Atthe savages, and against the danger of torney-General acknowledge their percivil war in the Dutch Republic itself. fect right thus to withdraw from the prov-We are glad to learn as we go to press ince under British rule and the relations that Mr. Gladstone's Government has of British citizenship. "They mean," finally determined on peace without he said. "to consider themselves no longwaiting for that other victory which the er British subjects. Here clearly is no crazed public sentiment demands. This claim either to the persons of the Boers, may be Jingoism, but it is not Chrisor to the lands into which they were adtianity ?- Christian at Work. vancing. Indeed, these lands were unoccupied by any white man. The na-SENSIBLE VIEWS ON tive Zulus claimed it, and stubbornly

REFUNDING.

British Government, with the warmest

wishes for "peace, free trade and friend-

ly intercourse;" and "after two years

the Orange River State was transferred

with guarantees of independence to the

Thus England acknowledged at last

the independence and rights of the

Dutch Republic. And for twenty-five

years that Republic made rapid strides

Dutch farmers inhabiting it."

The Washington correspondent of the oston Traveller has been interviewing Senator Blaine on the question of refunding, who expresses the following

this whole matter of handling the public debt. We have got \$682,0000,000 in indebtedness to provide for, and we have got a very popular bond in the four per cent, bond, a bond which is taken up not only readily but eagerly by investors, and which sells at 112, Now I dare say that to place \$600,000,-000 of them on the market would have the effect of depressing them somewhat. I dare say they might go down to 110. of four per cents, for \$660,000,000, and thus wipe out \$60,000,000 of the public debt as with the stroke of the pen. The 10 per cent. premium gives us \$60,-000,000 margin, which will cancel so much of the debt, forever lifting it right off the shoulders of the people. Suppose, on the other hand, that you issue a three per cent. bond and find that you could only float it at 95. Then you would have to issue more bonds to cover the deficiency, and you have really a loan at 3 per cent. at all, while you have lowered the public credit. One other thing occurs to me: It is a positive hardship on a large class to insist upon the 3 per cent. rates. I refer to the large class of investors who are compelled as trustees to invest in Government bonds. They cannot put their money elsewhere, no matter how low the rate is. The money they hold is that of widows and minors, and of educaional and benevolent institutions. presses upon them with a peculiar hardship to be forced to accept this 3 per cent. rate. The public credit stands high now, and it is wisdom to keep it tual ready money, if gold or silver, or a so by giving the Treasury a discretion that will enable it to command subscriptions readily and sell the bonds at

President Garfield rises at 7 in the morning-before any of the family except his venerable mother, whose hour is 6. He reads the papers: at 8 he breakfasts; then he goes to his office and dictates personal letters to his stenographer. Then after a little chat with his family he is ready to receive the waiting crowd of callers. At half-past in a written protest against "her Majes- 2 he lunches, then divers member of the Cabinet appear, and at 6 he dines. There are no Sunday-night singing-President is a great lover of children. He enjoys their company, and loves to romp with them. His oldest daughter, Mollie, is of that age when her lessons and her educational advancement require much attention. Her father takes a deep personal interest in her."

Physicians of Long Practice.-In regard to the administration of "Compound Oxygen," the new remedy for chronic ailments, which is attracting so much attention, we wish to say that we are physicians of long practice and experience, not venders of a patent medicine. Our business is to cure diseases. There has come into our possession a knowledge of the way in which to combine oxygen and nitrogen, the two elements which make up our common or atmospheric air, in such proportions as to render it much richer in the vital or life-giving quality. It contains no medicament, unless the elements of pure air are medicines, and its administration introduces nothing into the body which the system does not welcome as a friend, accept with avidity, and detail of its manufacture and putting up appropriate as entirely homogeneous to must be conducted. These points are a sults recorded in our Treatise on "Com- manipulations of remedies for the relief pound Oxygen, which is sent free. Ad- of human suffering the become of supreme dress Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 | importance, and only such medicines are Boers, in 1852, were recognized in their | Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[Special Correspondence of the Monitor.]

New York, March 14, 1881. One sometimes doesn't know whether to laugh or get mad at some of the rascality that goes on in this wicked world. Even an aggrieved tax-paver could hardly help smiling at the latest bit of official Handy Andvism or, rather, Hanky Panky in Brooklyn. There was a contract for building a new jail wall to the alleged lowest responsible bidder-not the lowest bidder by a long shot. Of course everybody knew it was a steal, and a good nany said so, but that didn't matter any. One steal, more or less, by a gang of politicians don't matter so very much, and the average good citizen can't help himself, as a rule, even if he does make a hubbub, and the average good citizen usually strives to content himself with grumbling. Well, the wall was built. During the building it was daily carefully inspected by specially appointed and extra paid inspectors, and after it was built it was inspected by the respectable gentleman who awarded the contract. It was then discovered that there was no way of getting into or out of the new iail wall other than by a ladder over the top of it. The contractor had adhered rigidly to the specification to the very letter, unless, as is probable, the material is inferior, and built the wall solid. It will cost over a thousand dollars-at least in the way taxpayers have to pay bills-to rectify this extraordinary omission and

Ivory Chamberlain is dead. Probably not more than one in a thousand of your readers will have any idea as to whom I refer. Probably not more than one out of a thousand has not been influenced for good by the writings of that man. He was the beau ideal of the impersonal journalist, a very modest man, with a massive intellect, a kindly heart, extensive knowledge, and an unsurpassed power of expression There was no nor tous weightiness about his compositions. and flippancy or sentimentalism were as remote. But in pure, simple, plain English, without the least affectation of epi-"I will tell you the way I look at grammatic terseness, he hit the bull's-eve every time. What he wrote told. Peo-RADIX in his earlier journalistic efforts. And he was a good soul. He lived a very retired life, but was respected by every one who knew him ever so slightly, and was very dear to those who knew him Now, what does that mean? Why it | well. For some years he was an edito means that we can sell \$600,000,000 | rial writer on the Herald, and that paper.

supply a gateway.

fill Chamberlain's place. Mining somehow seems to be looking up. I am in a position where I can see a good deal of the workings of outside finance, and I notice that a good many stock, which generally means that they intend to do it, whichever way the advice may be. The fact is, there is a neat deal of loose money about, tightly held. perhaps, but still earning very unsatisfactory dividends for the possessors, who have it so snugly salted down. The fact that the government authorities thought open as well as in any other business, importing, exporting, manufacturing, pubmining the best lottery of them all. Why ? Because the products of mining are acprecious sight nearer ready money if of other ores than the products of almost cost is no larger and the chances are less, and the interest on the disposition of the invoice is very much in its favor. The United States are richly gifted with

and the victim they have spared complete shearing are not only wary themselves and speedy increase in the mining interest, with very satisfactory results to all

ing steamship formed part of the unexpectedly full passenger list of the "Erin," of the gallant National Line, this week. The splendid fellows who man those ships seem always to be getting chances to do some daring deed which wins men's admiration without looking for it, and they never fail to take full advangate of their chances. I am the more interested in this last rescue, because I happen to have made a passage in this same "Erin." We didn't save anybody when I was aboard her, but we had a very jelly time, and I am sure all the passengers will always have a bright spot in their lives to look to, in thinking of any voyage in the ships which have F. W. J. Hurst at this end of the ocean ferry to look after them.

SKILL VS. IGNORANCE.-As a perfect pharmaceutical preparation, we are told that Hood's Sarsaparilla surpasses any proprietary article upon the market. Even to our inexperienced eve we see positive indications of the truth of the foregoing. A glance at the article shows the scrupulous neatness and care with which the If. You will find many of these re- importance in any business, but in the worthy public confidence.